Beginning the Future

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Beginning the Future

by PockyGhost

Summary

For the anonymous prompt on my tumblr, "I'd really love to see something from Hannibal's aunt and uncle's point of view about when/how Hannibal approached them wanting the use of the family lawyers to (I'm assuming) adopt the random child he'd befriended."

This is mostly based on the prompt.

Notes

Wow, I cannot tell you how much I know nothing about adoption. So I tried to stay really vague, and if there is anything horribly wrong, feel free to let me know, and if this short story can handle it being changed then I'll do it. Otherwise, please ignore it.

Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoy!

As she sat with her husband, a prepared speech being read to them by their lawyer, Lady Murasaki examined her nephew. The boy was glued to his phone and it would seem unusual if she didn't know that he had used his allowance to buy a burner cell for the child he had somehow bonded with.

She would not support this new obsession if it didn't seem like it was more than an adolescent fantasy. Instead of a teenager hoping for to be a man, the lady saw a child from finding his anchor again. She could empathize with Hannibal as she had lost all of her own family, but thankfully she had never lost anyone she was responsible for. She knew how deeply Hannibal had cared for his sister from the therapist they had hired, but she had no differences to compare his old self. Now, with her odd nephew talking and smiling like a normal child, she understood how his sister's death had affected him, and how much the young orphan now meant to him.

Robert sat silent and looked to be unmoved, but she knew how much he had always resented his parents and older brother. Her husband did not know the feeling of loosing a close loved one. She couldn't expect him to empathize with the broken child in front of him.

"We are willing to do anything, Mrs. Purnell, to take the young boy into our care. It is quite unfortunate what has befallen his father, and we believe that he should be with people close to him," she interrupted gently. The woman who represented them now was the same who had encouraged Robert to insist on a prenup right in front of her face. Though she believed the title of a lady was to be earned through behavior and not genetics, there was nothing wrong with a little slight vengeance. After all, Robert had married her with no legal documents preceding.

Her husband turned to her in confusion while their lawyer glared at being ordered around. Mrs. Purnell had been in the middle of trying to talk them out of adopting William Graham, and insisting that his best future was in the foster care system. Hannibal, however, looked at her like she was to be worshipped. She was glad he had not lost that mindset.

"As I was just saying, Mrs. Lecter, William's mother has a cousin in Florida who will be a better socioeconomic match to what he is used to--"

"She prefers Lady Murasaki," Hannibal just jumped in, and she was grateful that the boy knew how to respect those who earned it, if not everyone. As much as he has grown into a young man, learned to voice himself again, the lady wanted to grow as much herself.

"I've listened, but found your assessment to be flawed," she said. "Will has asked for no one except Hannibal, and he never knew his mother, much less her relatives. Perhaps his maternal cousins could provide for him a future he expects, but we can give him so much more. Let expense be no obstacle, we wish to make Will a part of our family."

Robert turned to her and gave a gentle smile. As little as he respected familial ties, he had a certain strength of belief in a woman's mothering instinct. While Lady Murasaki did not possess such an instinct, she was happy to let her husband believe otherwise if it led to her expected resolution.

"Yes, that's enough Ms. Purnell. My wife has quite bonded with the boy, and with no children of our own in the future we can't very well deny her, can we?"

If there was one thing someone could expect from Robert, it would be that he is always just as passionately in love with his wife as the day they married.

Their lawyer straightened the papers spread out across her desk and tightened her lips. "Very well, I will send you the necessary papers tonight. Have them signed and returned to me tomorrow and we can get this ball rolling. The sooner, the better with these sorts of things. Is there anything else Robert? Lady Murasaki?"

"No, we are done for today. Thank you for your services," the Lady said as she stood and helped her husband to his feet.

Hannibal's phone chimed, a new text from Will. "How is the meeting going?"

"Everything is perfect." He replied.

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